

Smoke From the Weekly Pipe



Time does not seem to efface the family feud between the Smiths and the Youngs, nor has the passing of the years softened the feeling that has kept alive the fires of animosity. Now and then something happens to accentuate the strife between the two houses of old Mormon families and the old bitterness is revived. It is a well known fact among the Mormons and among those who know a few things about the Mormons that the Smiths have very little use for the Youngs and the Cannons, although as to the latter there may be plenty of reason which may or may not be apropos.

The conference of the Mormon church which closed last Sunday was marked by an unusual incident. John W. Young, son of Brigham Young, sent his semi-annual greetings to the Mormon church, felicitating that institution upon the growth during the half year and wishing it many happy returns of the day. John W. has been doing this same thing for a great many years, always having something to say to the conference without so much as attending the sessions. Year after year his messages are received and filed by the first presidency. This year the message from Brother Young seems to have exhausted the patience of President Smith for instead of filing it away among the "unimportant" communications in the files at the church offices, the president of the church folded the message and put it into his pocket. When he attended the last session of the conference Sunday he violated all precedent by reading Brother Young's message.

President Smith is a plain, outspoken man. The record of his public utterances shows that he criticizes, scolds and condemns more than he eulogizes, except when he may be speaking in memory of some departed brother. Usually, President Smith is quite severe. In the handling of John W. Young's message he was caustic.

"I wish that Brother Young might be less mulish and come back to his native state and lead an honest, upright life," said President Smith, and there wasn't a man, woman or child in the great Tabernacle audience who didn't understand just what he meant. He wasn't talking tongues.

President Smith's remarks seemed to convey the impression that Brother Young—emphasis on "brother"—is more or less obstinate and that he is leading anything but an honest, upright. It is certain that John W. Young is not wholly in accord with the organization as at pres-

ent constituted. President Smith's antipathy to the Young wing of the church dates far back in the early days of the Mormon struggle, and it is likely that his feeling toward the Youngs is quite generously reciprocated by them. The untimely hand of death robbed the Young family of succession to the presidency and made way, eventually, for the building up of the Smith dynasty which is now in control.

John W. Young hasn't been in Utah for years. He is a promoter who is said to be a veritable genius for organization and financiering. He divides his time between London and New York, seems to live well and while he has met with many financial reverses, his friends regard him as quite resourceful and always able to duplicate any feat that made J. Rufus Wallingford celebrated, without, however, to cast any aspersions upon the regularity of the method by which John W. got the money. It is not known whether Brother Young pays his tithing regularly, but the indications are that he does not. And here's betting that he sends his semi-annual greetings to the first presidency next fall.

The invitation list for the big Democratic banquet has been completed and a glance over it shows a touch of exclusiveness, based, perhaps, upon political service as gauged by the Democratic state committee. The state committee had a roundup conference and voted upon eligible candidates for the various federal offices that are to be rid of Republicans and filled with Democrats. There was a hungry horde of the unterrified knocking at the doors of the state committee whose function it was to agree upon certain candidates and recommend their appointment, through proper channels, to the President. So strenuous was the competition that the state committee made first, second and third choices for most of the offices. They went so far as to name a candidate for the office of internal revenue collector, but the probability is that when the name of the new internal revenue collector for this district is known his residence will be found in Montana. This district comprises Utah, Idaho and Montana and as two Democratic senators now represent the latter state no one is so foolish as to think that they won't grab that office for their state.

The Democratic state committee made no selections for postmaster or assayer, the reason for which omission is not wholly clear. The post-

mastership is considered a fat plum and there are no end of applicants. There seems to be a suspicion that the office of assayer will not be permanent for the congress showed a disposition to eliminate that office, although the senate and house compromised upon a schedule of economy which cut salaries and expenses.

W. R. Wallace, the Democratic national committeeman, is said to hold the key to the situation. He is mum as an oyster, but a whole lot more powerful.

Missionaries by mail is one of the latest innovations of the Mormon church. President Joseph W. McMurrin explained it at the conference overflow meeting Sunday when he spoke of the operation of a correspondence school within the church whereby young people may educate themselves in their religion to the extent of being fitted for the work of proselytizing in the interest of Mormonism.

A prominent young man with a penchant for poker sat with a group of companions at a downtown hotel and whiled away the greater part of the night. It was so late when he looked at his watch that he was afraid to go home to his wife, so he played on until daybreak, visited a Turkish bath and returned to the game in the afternoon. Chief Grant doesn't know about this game, but it is still running, and those who have bought in say that it is eminently worth while, insofar as poker can be worth while. The young man was still afraid to go home that second evening when his wife telephoned to the hotel manager and asked him to notify her husband that his clothes were on the back porch. He could come and get them any old time he wanted to, she said. Then he was frightened. The story doesn't go beyond that point.

Hub dropped into the office to say that it reminded him of the anonymous letter that was sent to a certain gentleman at a prominent club where he spent most of his time. The letter was shown to the others. It said:

"All is known. You better make your getaway."

It broke up a pleasant game and every male diner in the crowd caught outgoing trains.

A petition expressing the dying wish of Mrs. Beatrice Golden Heinze, the actress and wife of F. Augustus Heinze, is being prepared for presentation in unprecedented proceedings to Justice Tompkins of the supreme court sitting in Rockland county, says the New York Telegraph. Before she died Wednesday afternoon Mrs. Heinze was reconciled to her husband, from whom she had obtained an interlocutory divorce decree three months ago. With her arms about "Fritz" she instructed her attorney, Benjamin F. Spellman of Towne & Spellman, to do everything in his power to have "that awful record of facts for the sake of our little boy expunged from the court record."

This request was made while Heinze

was kneeling by his wife's bedside, having gone to the house at her call after her physicians told her her life was a matter of minutes. When Heinze saw his wife for the first time in months he broke down completely. It was twenty minutes before Mrs. Heinze woke, and during this time Heinze was kneeling by her bedside sobbing and praying, while the call of young Fritz was heard in the nursery.

"I have always loved you, Fritz," she said, "and I have always expected something would happen to bring you back to me, because I can forgive."

Then she requested her attorney to try to have the records of facts expunged by order of the court, and smiled as she witnessed the reconciliation between her husband and her mother, Mrs. Mary P. Golden, widow of Judge Golden of Toledo, and her sister, Mrs. Mary Folger.

Stanchfield & Levy, attorneys for Heinze, will co-operate with Mrs. Heinze's attorneys in seeking to have the record expunged, and the oaths of Mrs. Heinze's mother, her sister, some of the nurses and Spellman will be incorporated in a petition to the court telling of this reconciliation scene and the expressed wish of Mrs. Heinze.

Heinze has been at his wife's apartments in the Marlton, Broadway and Seventy-first street, ever since her death. He took charge of the funeral arrangements and sent the body to Toledo yesterday afternoon. He goes on for the funeral today.

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